

My Bee Stings

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My Bee Stings

by [kumibladder](#)

Summary

Dream was his bestfriend... and that's why he never told him.

Notes

bro i hope they don't find this,,, just bored and so don't take it seriously. Of course, I'd never force anything on these two, if they get uncomfortable with the shipping I'll delete.

Your Face

George was gay. He never told anyone, but that's because he never had a reason to.

His parents weren't homophobic, but he never officially "came out." Yes, he got nagged on for never bringing home a girl, but he didn't especially mind. He never told his friends either, because it never actually came up. On stream his sexuality was questioned a few times but that was with an audience. Sapnap and Dream never outright asked his preference. Even then George was sure they wouldn't care that much and if they did it was even more reason to not come out.

He lived by himself but he was comfortable. Of course he went out, but not enough to genuinely find a man to put it lightly. He thought he was fine, gaming every other day with his best friends and not doing the romance thing.

George started to notice something, however. It started with Dream's flirting. They knew it was just fan service, but every little flirty banter stung. It only hurt slightly, like a bee sting.

More and more videos and streams were put out, with more of Dream's little taunts and teases. And after filming yet another video together, George found himself stinging; like needles all around him.

It was bearable at first, little needles and bee stings adding up. It was the aftershock that left him breathless. A minute after leaving Dream on TeamSpeak and he was hunched over with his hand on his heart, stringing.

Dream never FaceTimed, well George had an android anyways, but regardless, never made an attempt to show his face to his bestfriend. It didn't bother George at first, but days of stinging and aching made him angry.

That morning, he hopped on discord and texted Dream.

GeorgeNotFound: *Let's Skype*

Unsurprisingly, he didn't get a text back till that afternoon when Dream was probably waking up.

Dream: *What*

George was editing a video, and seeing Dream online, rolled his eyes and replied, *I want to see what you look like*

Dream: *You have already*

GeorgeNotFound: *That was only a selfie of when you and sap hung out ages ago*

Dream didn't respond. George stared disappointed at the empty chat. Then he got a notification.

Taking a double take, he sped to the live feed and holding his breath, he connected with Dream.

There was—

“Patches!” a voice whined.

Fur blocked the camera, but the cat was grabbed by two hands and lifted away from the monitor. George finally saw him, Clay.

George felt his cheeks heat up but ignored it. Swallowing his embarrassment, he said, “Wow, I’m surprised you actually did it.”

Dream chuckled. “Well yeah, otherwise you’d bother me for weeks.”

“I would not!”

George watched the pixelated image of his friend roll his eyes. He took a moment to admire the sight.

Although a little blurry and choppy from the initiating connection, Dream was quite handsome. He had longer dirty blond hair that crowned his head, his skin tan from the Florida sun, and a self-satisfied smile adorning his face.

“Like what you see?” he teased.

George blinked, taking a moment to collect himself. “Well I haven’t even seen my own bestfriend till now, give me a break, Dream.”

“I didn’t know you’d be such a huge fan. Maybe I should do a face reveal faster.”

Snarky and typical of what Dream would say. Yet, George felt that familiar nip. It didn’t help that his flush was beginning to cover his face entirely.

“Well at least now I can put a face to your voice.”

They talked for a bit longer about video ideas and what was going on in their lives. It wasn’t as awkward as George figured it could have been, both talking as if it were normal. They’ve called before, (of course) but this felt even more natural. Well, as natural as thousands of miles between each other could seem.

Now, George realized that when Dream teased him, his left eyebrow lifted up just slightly. And when he laughed his mouth spread wide into a toothy grin.

Manhunt

Chapter Notes

i don't know how discord works so sorry if i was all wrong in that last one also i don't rlly know how this site works

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They filmed a video together for Dream's channel the day after. It was another manhunt, but Dream had to hunt George down, unlike their usual dynamic of George hunting Dream.

Dream was scary.

After digging down, George was stuck in a mineshaft. Having found some loot, he was about to leave when Dream said, "Oh Geooorge..."

George felt his heart rate spike as he crouched in the game. "Yes, Dream?"

"You're gonna stop dead in your tracks when I find you. Just like when you saw me for the first time yesterday."

"Dream!" George shouted, his cheeks lighting up in an instant. "You're not leaving that in, are you?"

He heard him chuckle to himself. "Oh yes I am. This time I won't be able to see you blush, though."

George could almost see his left brow rising, his lips in a smirk.

Just then, Dream came around the corner George was at, a diamond chestplate on his character. George screeched at the sight.

After a long hour of filming, George ended up losing. Not to Dream, but to the Enderdragon that

knocked him into the void.

“Oh my god... I lost,” he groaned through Dream’s fading “Yes!” and “Let’s go!”s.

“I can’t believe it,” George whined, “I was doing so good, even against your stupid diamond chest plate.”

“Yes, well, you still lost.”

George groaned again, hitting the respawn button. “How’d you even get that?”

Dream’s character came hopping up to him hitting him with a rosebush. “I found an 8-vein of diamonds in the mineshaft and found some in the chests. So I got pretty lucky.”

“No kidding.”

Dream paused for a moment, then said, “Well I guess I didn’t leave you dead in your tracks, you just ran away as soon as you saw me.”

“Of course, I’d run away, I didn’t even have full iron!” Scoffing, he continued, “And you didn’t have me ‘dead in your tracks’ the other day either.”

Dream wheezed in his Dream-like way, but his character threw the rosebush at George.

“Not another rosebush,” George sighed, making Dream wheeze even harder.

When Dream pulled himself back together, he said his outro and stopped recording. George stopped recording his screen as well.

“Hey, can you send me your video so I can edit some of your parts in mine.”

“Yeah, of course.”

George hesitated for a moment, then mumbled, “I wasn’t that stunned when I saw you.”

Dream chuckled, saying, “Yeah I know, I’m just joking around for the video.”

Of course .

“Right.”

“You were quiet today, George.”

“I was?” George scratched his head. He didn’t even notice. “I think I’m just tired, I’ll see you later Dream.”

“See ya! Let’s stream soon.”

He disconnected.

George lifted himself from his chair, his stiff legs protesting. The flat was quiet without Minecraft playing and the sounds of his friend. His heart strained with the new puncture.

The hurt numbed, instead turning heavier, and weighing on him as he walked to his kitchen. In exasperation, his hands reached across his face and he slouched against his counter.

Chapter End Notes

dream pulled a debby ryan in this one,,, also ill come back to fix any mistakes

A Mistake

Chapter Notes

wow you guys are so nice... i was rlly shocked when i read the comments,,, much love to yall :)))) ps explicit language towards the end of this one

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up as sunlight beamed onto his face through a crack in his blinds. Squinting, he turned his phone over in his hand and sighed when he read the time; 11 am. Pulling himself out of bed, he stumbled to the toilet.

He woke up early that morning at 5 am, after failing to fall asleep. Logging into his pc, he found Dream streaming. He played Bed Wars with him a bit before going back to bed.

Regardless, he didn't have anything planned that day besides starting to work on a new plug-in. But before he knew it, it was nightfall already and he went to order some takeout.

He liked days like this. Waking up to his friend and doing his work quietly for the rest of the day. College was fun, but George preferred to do things alone. He got lonely a lot though, his close friends being across an ocean and in totally different time zones. He'd kill to be able to see them. To be able to see Clay's face in person.

Blinking, he pulled himself away from his phone.

He'd like to see Nick's face too, but Dream stood out for some reason, and he stood his head at the thought.

George ended up streaming that night with Dream and Sapnap. Ponk, Alyssa, and Callahan were also on the survival world, while Bad joined TeamSpeak an hour into the stream.

He was beginning to remake the farm, when a fan donated and the voice read out, "So you've never had a gf george."

Dream answered for him, "He's never had a girlfriend, ever."

George rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Dream, can you help me redo the farm?”

“He can’t talk to girls at all,” he continued.

“Yes, I can... help me with the farm, Dream.”

“Are you asking me because I’m a guy? Why don’t you ask Alyssa? She isn’t doing anything.” Dream poked.

“I’m asking you because you’re closest to me.”

“Are you gay, George?”

He froze.

Dream asked in a singsong voice, “You want to be close to me?”

Feeling the initial prickles of anger, George responded, “Stop it Dream.”

“Oooo... someone’s mad,” he taunted.

Over 6,000 people were watching his stream. He didn’t dare look at the comments.

“I’m not mad, I just asked you to stop.”

George got a donation that read out, “George = twink confirmed.”

Dream burst out laughing, saying, “George’s gay. George’s gay!”

Sapnap's silence was broken to mock him as well. "Wow little Georgie's gay."

Bad spoke up to defend him, "Guys, that's not very nice."

"Yeah, stop it guys," Alyssa agreed.

"It's not a compliment or an insult," Dream retorted.

"Still gay," Sapnap said.

Annoyance built up within him and without a second thought, he lashed out, "Shut up!" and left TeamSpeak. His character remained in the game.

Drawing in a breath, his action finally registered in his head and he quickly addressed the comments that skyrocketed with concern. "Um. Sorry guys, I didn't get much sleep last night."

Trying to bring back the carefree stream, he then read some donations he missed. While doing so, Dream bounced up to his character, a diamond sword in hand.

"Great, now he's going to kill me," George murmured.

Instead Dream switched to a poppy, dropping it to George.

George connected back with TeamSpeak, hearing the offhand conservation between Dream and Sapnap.

"Hey guys, sorry. I left to read some donos I was behind on," he half-lied.

They quieted and after an antagonizing second, Dream was the first to respond. "You're always behind on those. You should read them right as you get them."

George let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

The rest of the stream was calm, the only exciting moments being Callahan and Ponk fighting each other for "Alyssa's love" as they put it.

George didn't get back to redo the farm, instead finishing the foundations of his new house on a hill near the base. He placed Dream's flower outside the entrance of the house. Afterwards, he found someone to raid, stopped the stream, and prepared to log out of the Minecraft world.

"Hey guys, I think I'm gonna go now."

"Before you do, we just wanna say something," Dream said.

Alyssa and Bad left TeamSpeak already, leaving Dream, Sapnap, and George by themselves.

"Yes, Dream."

"Sorry about earlier."

After a pause of silence, Sapnap added, "Yeah sorry George. We didn't mean to offend you."

They never really apologized like that before. Even being close friends, they barely apologized for anything any of them would do, unless it was sarcastic. George answered, "It's fine, you guys. I just got a little frustrated is all."

"They were just jokes," Dream said.

Something inside George broke as he felt that familiar sting inside him; that and some of the bubbling irritation from earlier. "Yes, I know they're just jokes. They're always jokes."

Dream's voice became serious, "What's that supposed to mean?"

Opening his mouth to answer, he noticed he didn't have an answer. "I don't know, Dream."

"Hey guys, let's calm down—" Sapnap tried to interrupt.

"—No, I want to know what George is trying to say."

"I don't know, Dream. Just drop it."

"Fine."

Tension engulfed the call as no one spoke.

Dream broke it. "Why'd you get so offended anyways?" his voice was accusatory.

"Dream, come on," Sapnap pleaded.

George sputtered and he spit, "You wanna know why? Because all you two do is attack me and it's annoying."

"Attack you?" Dream snapped. "If anything you're the one that attacks us! You've killed us so many times in his world."

"I'm not talking just Minecraft, Dream."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"You keep joking about my sexuality!"

"That's why we were apologizing, asshole!" Dream said. Taking a sharp inhale, he carried on,

“You know what, George?”

“Guys...” Sapnap tried.

George uttered a short, “What?”

“You’re shitty and mean. All you are is mean to us and it’s just shit, George! No matter what we do, you’re just an ass and--”

“--And you think you aren’t?” George retaliated. “You just keep joking around when it isn’t fucking funny and it hurts, Dream.”

The words slipped from his mouth before he realized it.

“I’m gay.”

Chapter End Notes

this one was pretty long and it was hard to write ughhhh. btw i had dream cuss in this bc of his stream yesterday lol so sorry if you don't like the language in this one, the rest won't be so A N G R Y

The Aftershock

Chapter Notes

sorry for the cliffhanger >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Oh shit.

He could only stare at his screen, a hushed buzzing the only thing heard from the quietness of the call.

“Geor—“

He closed out of TeamSpeak. Then out of Minecraft, turning off his computer entirely with shaky hands.

He decided he needed to clear his head, so he went for a walk. Heading for his favorite park, laughing groups and couples passed him on the street.

Clearing his head... didn't work.

By the time he was around the block, dozens of what if questions plagued him at every turn. Questions like, “What if they don't like me anymore?” “What if they hate me for not telling them?” “What if they never talk to me again? How will I pay the bills??”

He didn't bring his phone with him; at the time his brain barely functioned from the shock of his outburst. Now it moved at a million miles per minute and not having something to fidget with made him even more antsy.

Sitting down on a bench in the park, he took a few deep breaths to try to calm his nerves. The night was cold and he could see his breath hang in the air before dissipating.

Even through the distressing thoughts, there was a sort of solace from it; a relief from coming out. Albeit not in the way he'd imagined, but finally he considered the burden his little secret had on him.

He was reminded him of a time at the beginning of secondary school. It was after school when he and his friend Jet started to argue about homework in their main class. Jet ended up kissing him, but never spoke to him again.

Of course, he didn't kiss Dream, but the situation had him thinking about his old friend. He wondered how Jet must have felt at the time, whether it was relief, confusion, shame? He didn't know.

George started to feel anxious again, so he stood up. Then decided to go grocery shopping.

Once he made it to the market, he completely forgot what he needed.

“Oh no,” he groaned to himself.

He ended up only remembering that he needed eggs and just for the sake of it, bought some chocolate covered raisins he could stress eat on the way home.

Dread slowly crept it's way into his mind whilst walking through the different isles. His stomach felt full of angry butterflies. Paying for his goods, he quickly left, nearly sprinting to his flat.

Back inside, he slammed the door shut, and ran to his bedroom, his cat meowing in protest. Seeing the device next to his pc, he lunged for it to see... no new notifications?

He whispered an audible, “What?” as he went through his contact list. No new phone calls or notifications on it at all.

Holding his breath, he checked his computer next.

Nothing. No new messages on discord, no call requests, nothing.

Confusion clouded him for a moment, but in horror, he felt his stomach drop.

They hate him.

He didn't make his friends out to be homophobic, but his mind went back to his friend Jet.

George never told anyone Jet kissed him, but the next day Jet was completely ruined. Someone must have seen the kiss. People began to pick on him left and right; people he used to be friends with and people he thought he knew.

They had the same class in the morning, and as soon as he walked in the class, he noticed some kids pushing and shoving Jet around. He tried all morning to talk with him; to tell him it was okay. However, every time he approached his friend, he'd only look away and tell him to bugger off.

Throughout his years, he wondered why Jet stopped talking to him. Only through recollection did he realize that Jet was protecting him. The bully must have not seen George kissing him back.

Needless to say, he had a sleepless night. After binging on chocolate covered raisins, he clicked through several shows on Netflix until landing on some mediocre one. He was too busy picking at his lips to notice it anyways.

The next morning he rose groggily from his bed. He had barely slept, tossing and turning all night after leaving his tv at godly hours of the morning.

He refilled his cat's food and took a shower. The heat helped to soothe him but his unease quickly consumed him midway.

Drying off, he took a glance at his phone. There were still no messages.

George got dressed, ate some eggs, and hopped on his computer.

No messages.

He contemplated calling Dream, or even Sapnap, but eventually refused the idea. Usually he'd wake up to his friends; whether it be their stream, filming a new video, or just a "Good morning" message. It's been a while since he was alone.

He felt heat begin to rise in his eyes. George tried to wipe the tears before they fell but they continued flowing.

He hadn't cried in a while. Last time he did, it was some college party he was dragged into and he just drank too much. This time, it hurt.

Hurt more than the stupid stinging and aching, not like that mattered anymore. Dream wouldn't be joking with him anytime soon, if he hated him so much he wouldn't talk to him.

George climbed out of his chair and went to take another shower.

Chapter End Notes

this chapter was exactly the opposite of the other and i had trouble with both... wonder what that says about my writing jeez... i might try to push out another chapter today. also the old friend is named jet bc i was rewatching avatar on netflix and couldn't think of another name

Showers

Chapter Notes

oh boy i didn't realize my thing was so sad sorry folks,,, anyways this ones uh intense.
light TW WARNING maybe... just be safe <3 (this one's pretty short so sorry)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His second time in the shower, he merely turned the heat up and sat on the tile floor. Tears mixed with the water. It felt like he wasn't crying anymore but he couldn't stop the sobs racking his body.

Dream and Sapnap hate him.

Gathering his head in his arms, George thought about his friendships. About how he'd never be able to visit them. How he'd never be able to see their faces in person. How he'd never be able to see Clay.

A sting.

“How could I be so careless?”

George clenched his hand tight in a fist and slammed it against the wall.

The physical pain made him jolt and he grabbed his hand in discomfort, but he quickly recovered his previous thought. *He'd never be able to see Clay.*

His bestfriend doesn't want to talk to him anymore because of something he can't control.

George would never have that Florida visit, that convention with Dream and Sap, or those late night food runs friends do. Hell, he'd never have another stream with them again, or another gameplay, or even a simple message from them.

Maybe he was overreacting, but he had all the time in the world to think with no one messaging

him.

The shower water started to burn and the steam made him choke.

Dream's hair, his eyes, his smile set perfectly in his memory from that video call. He'd never have him.

Another sting. He could feel it swelling.

George looked up at the clouds of steam, and stood up finally. Leaning on the wall for a moment of lightheadedness, he turned the shower off.

He dressed again, going into his kitchen, grabbing a cold juice, and sitting on his couch.

His Dream.

Bees in his heart. They've been stinging him with their needles. He's started to feel the allergic reaction.

George checked his computer in boredom.

He had finally calmed down and his red skin from the shower was beginning to fade. And to his complete and utter shock, there was a message from Sapnap.

Quickly, he sped to open it but halted with his mouse hovering over the discord notification. With a second's reluctance, he clicked on it.

Sapnap: *Hi Georgie... Dream told me to we should give you space to relax but I had to check on you*

Sapnap came online.

Sapnap: *You okay?*

Pulling his hands to his face, George screamed into his hands.

Chapter End Notes

i'm contemplating giving this story a sad or happy ending (don't worry there are more chapters coming out before it ends--i'm not doing more than 15). george WILL see happier days

Sapnap

Chapter Notes

bruh sapnap's cute i finally watched his facecam stream

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

GeorgeNotFound: *Hi nick*

Sapnap: *Do you want to talk*

GeorgeNotFound: *We're talking*

George got a request for a video call from Sapnap. He declined.

Sapnap: *Come on, we're not mad at you if that's what you think*

Another call request. George declined.

GeorgeNotFound: *What do you mean dream told you to give me space*

Again, Sapnap requested another call. Once again, he declined.

Sapnap: *GEORGE ANSWER*

He called again. Vexed, George finally hit the answer button.

“George!” Sapnap accused, his face coming into view.

“What?” George challenged.

“Oh, I thought you declined again.”

George could only glower at him. Looking around Sap’s background, it was dark; probably early morning where he was at.

“Why are you up so early?”

With a proud grin, Sap answered, “Just an all-nighter, don’t worry about me though,” he took a sip of an energy drink, “You look rough and seem mad.”

George felt his brow twitch involuntarily. Ignoring the first statement, he relied, “Yes, well no one has talked to me at all.”

“You haven’t said anything to us, either.”

“Well, I thought you guys hated me or something, but sure put it on me,” he scoffed.

Nick’s eyes went wide, “Woah, no, we decided to let you cool off.”

George felt his face relax into a frown again. “Sure.”

“Didn’t seem to work, though.”

George brought his hands to face and let out loud groan. “I’ve been freaking out for the past 24 hours, while you sat on your butts doing nothing,” his hand dropping, he leaned back in his chair.

Sap only observed him. Quietly, he said, “You thought we would hate you?”

“Well, I didn’t know what to think… nearly drowned myself in the shower, earlier,” he tried joking.

“I’m sorry, George.”

A hush fell over the call.

“So you’re okay with me--” his throat felt dry “--being gay?”

Nick just nodded at the screen.

“Is Dream?”

Sap let out a hmpf, “Yes.” Pausing to think, he continued, “Right, I need to tell that idiot that his plan was terrible.”

George offered a small smile.

“Hey, I gotta go study, but I’ll talk to you later,” Nick said, waving at his computer.

“Bye, Sap. Thank you.”

“I’ll tell Dream to call you.” With that, Sapnap was gone.

George pressed his forehead against his desk.

“I’m so stupid.”

His cat jumped in his lap and he startled. “Oh hi, kitty,” he whispered, lifting his head to gingerly pet it. Purring in satisfaction, the cat lay on him.

He sighed, rereading the conversation with Sapnap absentmindedly. Glancing down at the creature in his lap, he vented, “I threw a fit for no reason.”

His cat peered at him with big eyes and meowed, as if talking to him.

“Yes, I know. I overreacted.”

The cat meowed again.

“Now, I just have to wait for Dream’s call.” He bit his lip in worry. A new wave of nervousness washed over him. He focused on petting his cat.

Chapter End Notes

peepee poopoo

Realization

Chapter Notes

man i had trouble starting on his one,,, anxiety really hit me hard today

#justiceforgeorgefloyd

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A few hours passed until he got a message from Dream. At the time, he was in the kitchen making himself a sandwich, but scampered to his bedroom as soon as he heard a notification. Logging into discord, he read the message from Dream.

Dream: *george*

GeorgeNotFound: *Dream*

Dream: *do you wanna call*

Not waiting for an answer, Dream requested a video call.

Feeling his heart rate pick up, George quickly messed with his hair in an attempt to tame it. Then he stopped. Uncertainty marring his face, he quickly dropped his hands and answered the call.

“Hi, Dream,” he said nervously.

Clay’s hair was messy and his eyelids drooped. He must have woken up recently.

A lazy smile molded on his face and he sighed, “George.”

“What’s up?”

“Sapnap freaked me out, saying you were super angry and shit,” he paused to examine George, “You seem fine, though.”

George silently thanked Sapnap for reaching out first.

“Oh, I was.”

“Oh,” Dream scratched his head awkwardly. “I’m sorry, George. I thought giving you space would be the best solution.”

George rolled his eyes. “Well, you succeeded in making me extremely neurotic.”

Dream’s eyes downcasted.

“I do appreciate the concern, though,” he reassured.

Looking off to his side, Dream explained, “I thought since it was a big fight, and you just logged off--”

--I know, Clay.”

Dream just stared at him as a moment of silence passed between them.

George felt himself flush in sudden understanding. “I didn’t mean to call you...”

Dream burst out laughing, a great grin on his face.

Seeing Dream’s wide smile, George felt his cheeks warm.

“George, why didn’t you tell us.”

Concern now masked Dream's face. George only wanted to run his fingers along his creased brows; to ease them. Swallowing hard, he answered, "I don't know."

Dream's worrylines deepened. "We're friends, y'know. We're always here for you."

"I know. I guess I was just scared," biting his lip, he carried on, "I'm sorry. It's not like I didn't trust you guys, I just--"

--I know." Dream wore a knowing smirk.

George felt the back of his neck heat up. Bees bumbled in his stomach.

"So, I'm almost done coding that new plug-in... you ready to film with me soon?"

"Of course. I bet you messed up worse than last time"

Letting out a chuckle, he responded, "Not as badly you. Remember what happened wiring the terminator?"

"It was only one little mistake," George rebuked and Dream only laughed.

"I love you, George, ok? Don't you ever think otherwise."

George's stomach did a flip. Dream gazed intently at the screen.

George could only wish he were face to face with Clay. To be able to look at his eyes, instead of a screen that couldn't capture life in its smallest features. He wanted to see the twitch of his smile before a joke, a glimmer of determination in his eyes before he argued, or the slight rise of a brow before a snarky comment... He could only wish.

Blinking with embarrassment, he choked out, "I know, Dream. I love you, too."

Dream looked at him with his huge cheeky grin. "You finally said it."

"Shut up."

"You're so gay, George."

"Hey!"

Dream began wheezing. Taking a deep breath, he waved goodbye, saying, "I'll message you when I'm done." And hung up.

Seconds after the call, George sat with a stinging realization.

"I have a crush on Clay."

Chapter End Notes

remember to drink water bc I drank water and realized I was very thirsty

Honey Bees

Chapter Notes

writing takes my mind away from things, i get to focus on the story

I'm not gonna be a stupid idiot

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was happy. He played Minecraft with his friends, coded more plug-ins, and even met up some old friends one night. Even his cat was happy, bringing home huge bugs as “gifts” for George--although he wasn't too flattered with the very-much alive moth.

His life was going well, besides one thing: his crush.

Dream kept up his playful jokes, but the occurrence of the stings decreased. Now, only peaceful honey bees in his stomach buzzed happily, as Dream mentioned anything silly, ambitious, or nice to George. It was as if his bees were suddenly released after his realization. They were happy without his restraints.

George ignored it at first, not allowing the warm fuzzy feelings to overtake him playing with Dream. However, he couldn't stand the grin that overtook his face when Dream complimented him. Even listening to his best friend go on about the stupidity of Minecraft Ultimate placed butterflies in stomach.

Worst part is, George started to like it. He enjoyed the bumble of bees when Dream joked with him. He even liked the embarrassing heat that lit the tip of his ears up when he logged onto calls with him.

He felt hopeful.

One afternoon, George curiously went on Tiktok. He hadn't opened it in a while, but going through his for you page, he realized he made it to a certain side of the app.

He noticed something was different when more and more videos of somewhat gay content were offered to him. People sharing their coming out stories, fashion trends of what people would look

like if they were straight, and funny audios that were made to trick “birthers” into dancing to them, popped up more and more.

Interested, he clicked on the post of a pretty girl dancing to a strange audio. Her comments were full of “thank you for taking one for the team” and “do you listen to girl in red.” She responded with yes to the girl in red comments.

Scrolling some more down his for you page, was another girl. She was just lipsyncing to the audio, but he looked through her comments anyways. It was also full of girl in red questions. She had responded with, “no, sweater weather.”

George was thoroughly confused.

When he was about to close the app, one last video caught his eye. It was a guy, standing with his hand over his heart. Writing on the video read, “Rise for the bi national anthem.” Glancing at the sound, “Sweater Weather” played.

Dream started streaming.

Feeling a jolt of electricity, he closed Tiktok and joined the stream. Dream was trying to beat Hardcore mode and spawned in a swamp.

George decided to watch for a while, not saying anything in the comments. Dream went about mining, killing mobs, and answering donos.

Thinking back to his Tiktok scrolling, George got an idea. He decided to donate \$10, using some random name and asking him a question.

A minute passed and George was on the edge of his seat. Finally, the voice read out, “do you listen to sweater weather?”

Dream was killing some sheep at the time. “I do not.”

Feeling a pushpin of dismay, he donated yet again.

“do you listen to girl in red?”

Dream stopped his running to read the donation himself. “I don’t. I don’t even know who that is.”

George felt a sting.

He kept watching.

After a few minutes someone donated \$3, reading, “do you have any flags in your room.”

“I think I’ve answered this before, but I do not have any flags in my room.”

A pang of disappointment threatened to wash over him, but he reminded himself he didn’t have any flags either. He willed the feeling down. He could feel his bees get hum in anticipation.

The rest of the stream were full of regular donos, the ‘i love you’s and what nots, but while Dream was in the end, the voice read, “Dream, just be completely honest. Are you bi?”

Dream was too distracted to answer, bowing down the end crystals and making beds to use against the dragon.

He didn’t end up responding, but George knew the answer already.

Chapter End Notes

psa/tip: Real ppl are tricky. I was hesitant approaching this ship but it's essential to divide the character from the person. I take how they act and add it to their characters. They go through ups and downs (well I make the ups and downs) just like life, but they aren't them.

In a way, they are my characters, I wrote them out like this; but they'll never be the actual George, Clay, or Nick.

It's important to not force anything on them. Even if they say they're comfortable with shipping n stuff, I'm sure there's moments where they don't know what to say or do when a weird dono comes through or if the comments are spamming smth weird.

Ik they can stick up for themselves, but this is just a psa since I've essentially placed myself in the shipping hole by actually writing this fanfic.

Edit: I'm meant to focus more on the weird nasty comments and donos they get sometimes that makes everyone uncomfy. I didn't mean to offend anyone at all and it totally wasn't my intention.

I Miss Them

Chapter Notes

well... this is it

long chapter for ya'll :)) well because it's ending now

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sun was setting outside. George could see the clouds gathering at the horizon from his bedroom window.

He decided he wanted to stream that day. Going in the survival world, he planned to finish his house. Dream was on as well and soon joined TeamSpeak.

“Dream?” he questioned.

No response.

In the world, he went over to his house. Climbing up the hill, he saw several poppies outside his door. More than the single one he placed last stream.

George felt a hint of suspicion. “Dream, what did you do?”

He heard quiet giggling.

George went inside his unfinished house. The still floor made of grass; cornflowers, lilies, and lilacs lay around the foundations.

“Dream!”

He heard another muffled giggle.

“Dream, come on,” George tried breaking some of the flowers. He ran over to his chest area. It was a room with a few scare chests laying around, but flowers decorated the flooring. He groaned in irritation.

“Dream, talk,” he tried.

Dream just snickered. A second later, he said, “Check your chests.”

Startled, he hastily did so, “Oh my god.”

He checked another.

“Dream. What did you do with all my stuff?”

His chests were completely lined with stacks of flowers of all sorts, with none of his original loot.

Dream burst into laughter.

“Dreammm,” he wailed. “Where’s all my stuff?”

Dream didn’t stop, starting to wheeze.

George spent a majority of his stream chasing after Dream, who was in a rather cheerful mood. He found his stuff in Dream’s bunker after a while, and essentially played hide and seek with him throughout the rest of the stream. He barely worked on his house, spending his time messing around with his friend.

He got a dono in the middle of the stream that read, “dreams cute today.” He silently agreed, allowing himself a secret smile. George instead said, “I think he’s acting annoying today, but whatever.”

Dream parkoured along the treetops.

“Dream! Get back here,” George said, chasing him.

He took a glance at his stream. He had already been streaming for 2 hours. “Dream, I’m just going home.”

“But, I still have your diamond sword.”

“I’ve just been chasing you around for 2 hours already. Let’s just go back.”

He heard a sigh. “Ok fine, here’s your sword.”

Dream’s character hopped back to him and dropped it to him.

“I think I might end the stream soon.” He started to say his goodbyes before Dream stopped him.

“Yes, Dream?”

“Don’t go, I wanna talk to you,” Dream said in his puppy-dog voice.

George paused, then chuckled, “Ok, sure. Let me end the stream and we’ll talk.”

George never really looked at his comments but he could feel them spike at that moment. “Bye guys. Let me find someone to raid.”

“What is it, Dream?”

“Nothing, I just wanted to hang out more.”

A small buzz in his stomach. He willed it down.

George made his way back to his house, while Dream rambled about some random things.

They collectively grew quiet.

George went in his house to clear out the new mess. “How’d you get all these flowers, anyways?”

“I was up the night before collecting them.”

George scoffed, “All that, for a prank?”

He chuckled. “Well, I was up talking to someone.”

“Oh. Who?”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about,” Dream said eagerly. “I met this new girl.”

“Oh,” George felt his mouth dry. “That’s great, Dream.”

“I know, she’s great.”

George panicked as silence overtook the conversation again. “How’d you two meet?”

“She was my cashier at the market I go to,” Dream sounded grateful at the excuse to brag about her, “I finally got the courage to ask for her number.”

“Interesting.”

“I can’t wait for you to meet her, her name’s Kate.”

George’s eyebrow twitched. “What do you mean?”

“Oh! I forgot the best part,” he gushed. Dream continued, “You’re coming to Florida.”

“No way.” George nearly forgot Dream’s first admission, “You’re joking.”

“I’m not joking.”

“Dream!” George’s smile spread so wide it hurt. “I’m coming to Florida!”

George couldn’t help the excitement that tingled through his fingers moments after the call. It was the second it died down, did he acknowledge the numbness throughout his body. Just a cool chill that he couldn’t control; there wasn’t even any stinging.

He crossed his arms across his body as if to warm himself. George stood up from his chair, making his way to his kitchen. He was content, but he couldn’t help the lingering feeling in heart-space.

His cat greeted him from the counter.

“Hi kitty,” he said, petting it on the head.

It meowed, pleased and moved away from George’s hand, pawing at something next to it.

It was a dead bee.

George fixed himself a warm tea. In that time, he got a text from Dream that read, *Your tickets!* with an attachment screenshot of plane tickets.

No buzz in his stomach. Just aching.

He sat on his couch, mug in hand. He sipped patiently, allowing the warmth to fill the hole in him. It was dark outside now; George could hear the sounds of happy people starting to make their ways down the streets of London.

His bees were dead.

He took another sip of his tea.

Dream was his bestfriend... so he'll never tell him.

Chapter End Notes

thank you all for much for the support. I truly did not expect all the love I've received and I hope you all stay safe and healthy.

i'm considering writing a Dream pov of this so let me know what ya'll think... well that's if i could ever find out how to add this to a collection or series... idk i'll figure it out

for now, thank you guys so much :))

edit: there's a continuation work —>

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!